

THE VOICE OF THE ORIENT

saddest quatrain in all
Laurence Hope's
lines:

Only the walls of one thin tent of canvas;
Only a yard of yellow desert sand
Between us two, and yet I know you
distant
As though you lived in some far desert
land.

The concentrated essence of
human passion
seems in the air of Delhi. On the
Ridge
almost every clod of earth has been
drenched
with human blood. In Metcalfe
House,
before the Mutiny, women danced
and sang,
and dreamed of their love affairs;
women of
like passions to ourselves, albeit
they wore
early Victorian flounces, and spoke
more
elegantly than our slang jargon.

Delhi Ridge, from which one
sees the
world's loveliest pile encircled by
the rose-
red turret walls. Where the white
egg of
the Jama rises, flanked by its guardian
minarets,
where the green trees jealously
guard the
peerless pearl of the Diwan-i-Am.

Delhi Ridge, where the Jumna
winds
beneath, sometimes doubling on
itself like
a broad riband, like the Jhelum's
patterns
on Kashmir shawls, sometimes in
flood like

a sea, but always a river of passionate
remem-
brances ; now bearing on its breezes
the sighs

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